

CONFINED TO HIS BED.



Mrs. Johnson-I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home nights.

Mrs. Smithson-Give him an automobile.

Mrs. Johnson-He'd be out more than ever then.

Mrs. Smithson-No, indeed. My husband got one last week and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks .-Chicago Chronicle.

The Easiest Way. "I understand," he said, "that we

are reported to be engaged." "I believe some one has taken the liberty of starting such a rumor," she

replied. "Well, don't you think it would be easier to make the rumor true than to go to the trouble and annoyance of denying it?" he suggested.

"Perhaps you are right," she admitted. "Such denials are always ineffective, in additon to being more or less distressing."-Chicago Post.

HAND-PAINTED BLUSHES.



"I wonder why Mr. Oldbow always kisses me on the forehead?"

"Probably to spare your blushes."-Chicago Chronicle.

Quite Out of Place.

Aunt Prisms-I am shocked at you, Maude. You permitted young Mr. Jones to kiss you. Maude-He only just touched me on

the nose, auntie. Aunt Prisms-It was quite out of

Maude-He knew it was, auntie; but you came in so suddenly, you see .-Tit-Bits.

Quite Necessary. Lives of poets should remind them

They must have good feet in rhyme If when gone they'd leave behind them Footprints in the sands of Time. -Philadelphia Press.

THE REASON.



Little Tom-I wonder why ostriches have such long legs?

get their feathers wet when they go in wading.-Detroit Free Press.

The Limit Reached.

Mrs. Subbubs-The cook wants another afternoon off, every week. Mr. Subbubs (anxiously)-Did you show her a calendar and try to explain that it will be impossible for us to not until I had money enough to be able make eight afternoons in one week?-Puck.

He Pays the Freight. Husband-That is an exceptionally pretty hat you have on, my dear.

Wife-I'm so glad you like it, John. I bought it on your account. Husband-Oh, of course. You al ways do.-Cincinuati Enquirer.

And Then He Left:

He was feeling his way. "If I were to tell you, Miss Smith," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I am about to start on a long journey, even across the sea, and that it may be months, and possibly years, ere I return, what would you say?"

If the girl drooped it wasn't percep-

"I would say, Mr. Swanbill," she replied, "ta, ta."-Tit-Bits.

Ready for the Test.

"Dis is de snake season," said the old Georgia darky, "en da sayin' dat ef you swallers a quart er whisky w'en a snake bites you de snake'll die en you go free. But dar's a question dat comes in right

"And what is that?" "I well knows whar plenty er snakes is, but whar is I gwine git de whisky?"-Atlanta Constitution.

HOW TRUE.



Pessimistic One-Ah, this is a most miserable world-nothing but troubles

Optimistic One-Yes, my boy, and you may consider yourself lucky if you get out of it alive.-Ally Sloper.

The Merry Ha Ha.

Dame Fortune often makes us cuss She does, indeed, my brothers! For though she smiles on some of us, She merely laughs at others.
-Philadelphia Press.

Not Like Champagne.

Tess-Mr. Sloman is such an excitable individual, so effervescent, as it were.

Jess-I should think you'd be the 'effervescent.' Tess-Why?

Jess-I notice you haven't succeeded in making him "pop."-Philadelphia Press

QUICK COMPREHENSION.



Mrs. Borely-Don't you think a great many uninteresting people come to this

Mrs. Ketchup-Oh, I am comparatively a stranger, you know. Do you come here every year?-Chicago Daily

Achievement.

Some men start out for glory
And land it fair and pat;
Some get their pictures printed And just let it go at that. -Washington Star.

Equal to the Occasion. Doemstic-Oh, please, mum, what shall I do? Half the soup is spiit and the boarders is at the table.

Mrs. Slimdiet (firmly)-Empty the box of red pepper into what's left. There will be enough then.-N. Y. Weekly.

Annoved.

"I am strongly inclined to think that your husband has appendicitis," said the physician.

"That's just like him," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "He always waits till every-Sister Sue-Oh, it's so they won't thing has pretty near gone out of style before he decides to get it."-Washington Star.

When the Fun Began.

money itself, but the sense of power it gives. Second Magnate-I know it. It was reasty to oppress the common people

that I began to enjoy myself.—Brooklyn So Appropriate.

Life.

"How very appropriate that ivy trimming is to Miss Caustic's bonnet!"

"Why?" "Why, ivy, you know, only clings to old ruins!"-Stray Stories.

THE FISHER.

I used to wish For a patent pole And a chance to fish In the fishing hole Where the graylings played

In the days gone by, And the beech trees shade Shut out the sky Till 'twas just a gloom, Like the sun was down, And a faint perfume: And the waters brown Lay just as still. Like they were asleep; Till my boyish skill

Made the trout to leap.

So I got a pole Just the other day And I sought the hole Where I used to play; Twas a greenheart thing Of a slender size; Each foot a ring With its patent eyes Held the line in place: At its heavy heel With its rubber case,

Clicked a nickel reel.

And I had flies Till you couldn't rest; With an expert's eyes I had sought the best: But not a bite Did I get that day, Though along toward night, Came a boy that way, And he whistled shrill

With a lilt and swing,

And he caught the fill

Of a good long string. And I caught none: But I'm free to say When I was alone And the boy away I had that string. The boy went hence With his carolling And some fifteen cents. And then I hied To my own home, too; And no doubt I lied

Just the way you'd do.

-J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post,

Mathew Whitman's Will

By PERCY CHAMBERLAIN

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WHEN the dried-up old lawyer finished reading the will he gravely removed his spectacles and glanced about the group surrounding the library table.

On every face save one was surprise and consternation; on that one an amused smile played.

And yet Harold Olney had more cause for surprise and consternation than any of the other heirs. He had been old Mathew Whitman's favorite nephew, had always enjoyed a liberal allowance by the old man and had been led to suppose that the bulk of the great estate would go to him. Acting on this understanding he had not hesitated to go the pace and mortgage the fortune. So he was hopelessly in debt and now the last person in the world to call him sum of his expectations was \$1,500. Not only he, but the other heirs had expected his portion to have two more ciphers added.

> Their hopes had not been so high as Harold's, but they all had expected far more than they got.

> and had left each nephew and niece exactly \$1,500. The balance of his great estate was to go to the Humane society. No reason was given in the will for this strange ignoring of his relatives and patronage of a cause with which he never had manifested any particular sympathy during his life, and the old lawyer was unable to give any reason in answer to the angry clamor.

> Perhaps the angriest person in the dingy old library was Jefferson Franklin, who had hoped to share equally with Harold the major portion of the estate. The four nieces had no such great expectations, as they were well aware of Uncle Mathew's dislike and contempt for women, but they had expected \$10,000 or \$15,000 each, as the old man had been a stickler for blood relationships and his estate ran well over the half million mark. But Jefferson Franklin had had good

> reason for his hopes to be put at least on a level with Harold, and share the greater part of the estate. In the first place it was no more than just, as he was as near to the blood and a male. Moreover, he had led a steady, sober, industrious life and proven himself a good business man, and while he knew his uncle always had condoned Harold's wild escapades and easy-going life, because of some peculiar affinity between him and the boy, the other nephew knew that the old man approved of the solid business virtues. He knew further that old Mathew Whitman had posessed the desire to keep the fortune together and had expressed the fear that Harold would dissipate it. Besides all this Harold had a lot of the old man's money while he lived. He had educated both nephews and done much else for them, but Harold had had a liberal regular allowance, and besides this the old man had paid his debts several times-and very considerable debts they had been, too.

Uncle Mathew had frequently expressed his approval of Jefferson's steady business habits, and the young man had good reason for his expectations. So when the will was read he scarcely could believe his ears. A paltry \$1,500, when he had expected more than a hundred times the amount. Indeed, he had planned just how he was to invest First Magnate-After all, it isn't it so as to become a power in the business world.

> "Fifteen hundred dollars!" he exclaimed. "Why, the old fool was crazy. We ought to break the will."

"Yes, yes!" chorused the nieces. "He was a stingy old maniae. Let's break

The old lawyer shook his head grave-"That would be difficult," he said. 'What do you say, Harold?" asked Jefferson, fiercely turning to Harold. "Oh, Uncle Mathew was sane enough," replied Harold, "And I'm hanged if he | tion.

didn't have the right to do as he pleased with his blamed old money."

The meeting finally broke up in a storm of imprecations upon the memory of the deceased. As they were going the piping voice of the lawyer recalled them

"You have forgotten a clause in the will," he said. "Mr. Whitman requested that from the amount of your legacies you contribute enough to erect a monument over his grave."

There was a shout of derisive laughter from Jefferson and the nieces. The humor of it struck Harold, and he laughed, too. "Let the Humane society erect a monu-

ment!" exclaimed Jefferson, savagely. "I wouldn't pay for a pine shingle to stick over his grave," and he strode out. "And you, Miss Nancy?" asked the

lawyer of the oldest niece. "Not a penny," she answered, as she bounced out.

And so said all of them, until only Harold was left.

"Well, Mr. Harold?" inquired the lawyer, as the young man picked up his hat and started out, his face graver than it had ever been before. He turned at the question.

"It looks like adding insult to injury," said he; "but, after all, we didn't have any absolute rights in his old moneyand he was a pretty good fellow to me. Get some decent sort of a monument and take the cost out of my share."

Harold went directly to his club and sat a long time in the smoking-room, buried in thought. For the first time he faced the real problem of life, and the natural difficulties accentuated by his absolute unpreparedness and the mountain of debts he had acquired.

There was another complication, too -a woman, of course. Only a few weeks since he had fallen in love with a sweet-faced nurse who had cared for him through an illness, and had resolved to marry and settle down. He had proposed and been accepted. To give her up seemed more to him than all the rest-the loss of luxury, the prospect of hard work, the sneers of his fellows. But it was inevitable, for he could figure no way to support himself. to say nothing of her.

After several hours' of absorbed thought-the longest period of serious thinking he had ever known-he threw away his cigar and walked briskly out. Taking a north-bound car he made his way to the home of Alice Newton, and a few moments later had laid the whole case before her and released her from the engagement.

"What are you going to do?" she asked with a white face.

"Oh, I can join the army, I guess, and go to the Philippines," he replied, grim-"They will feed me and clothe me and shelter me after a fashion. That's more than I can do for myself."

"You will do no such thing," she replied, with spirit. "You will go to work and use those abilities you have always abused, and make a place for yourself. And-and-I will wait for you.'

He started forward eagerly, then relapsed into his old cynicism. "It's no use," he said. "I've thought it all over. I know my limitations better than you. I can do nothing, and all my associations and acquaintance and habits are a handicap and not a help. No, I will go my way and eke out some sort of an existence, and you will go yours-and God bless you."

He turned quickly to go, but she threw her arms about his neck. He gave her a passionate embrace and their lips met, but in his eyes there was no

At the club he found a message from the lawyer to call at his office next day. "Here is a catalogue of monuments. I thought you should decide what sort to put over your uncle's grave. I do not care to take the responsibility of

making a selection. Inasmuch as you

are to pay for it, you should make the

selection." "Oh, it don't matter," replied Harold. "I am no connoissieur in grave stones." "Here," persisted the lawyer, opening the catalogue, "is a simple stone that can be put up for \$150. Perhaps with your means that is all you ought to pay. Here is a very respectable thing for \$500. Here is a shaft for \$800, and here

is a very pretentious obelisk for \$1,000." Harold looked carelessly at the pictures. "Oh. better do it right," said he. grimly. "The money might as well go that way as any other. He never hesi-

tated to add a cipher to my check when debts got pressing. Better give him the \$1,000 shaft and fix up some sort of lettering for it, will you?" The lawyer bowed. "As you say," he

said. "Come in a week from to-day, and I will pay you the balance of your inheritance.'

A week later Harold appeared at the lawyer's office. The other heirs were there.

The old lawyer showed signs of great agitation. "There was a codicil to Mathew Whit-

man's will," he said. "It was in a sealed envelope to be opened by me after the monument had been placed over his grave. It provides that the family heirs shall have a further legacy of an amount equal to 400 times the cost of the monument, providing that did not exceed the value of the estate; said further legacy to be divided among the heirs in proportion to the amount they shall have contributed toward the monument."

There was dense silence for a moment. It would require a camera to depict the expression of utter woe depicted on the faces of Jefferson Franklin and the female heirs-especially on that of the astute Jefferson.

Harold Olney sat as one in a trance. Then he gave a whoop and leaped to the elevator. A moment later he was hurrying northward in a cab with the horse on a gallop.

He burst into the home of Alice Newton like a whirlwind. What happened there may well be left to the Imagina,

THE CIPHER WAS TOO MUCH Telegraph Operator Thought the Mes-

sage Was Too Much Twisted to Save.

While Secretary Hay was in the country one summer, an important piece of official business was pending, and he arranged with Washington that any news that might arrive about the matter should be telegraphed

to him in cipher.

Day after day he waited, says the New York Tribune, but no telegram came. One morning, happening to go to the lonely little telegraph office, he said to the operator. erator:

"I suppose you have received no dis-patch for me?"

patch for me?"
"Why, yes, sir," the operator replied,
"there was a dispatch for you the other
day, but it was all twisted and confused.
I couldn't make head or tail of it, so I didn't think it was any use to send it up to

Arriving at a Verdict.

Kushequa, Pa., Aug. 1.—(Special)—In this section of Pennsylvania there is a growing belief that for such Kidney Diseases as Rheumatism and Lame Back there is only one sure cure, and that is Dodd's Kidney Pills. This belief grows from such cases as that of Mrs. M. L. Davison, of this place. She tells the cover based for place. She tells the story herself as fol-

"I have suffered from Rheumatism for thirty years and find that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken. I was also bothered with Lame Back, and I can only say that my back hasn't bothered me since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Considering that Mrs. Davison only took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the result would be considered wonderful if it were not that others are reporting similar results daily. Kushenna is fast arriving at

results daily. Kushequa is fast arriving at a verdict that "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for Rheumatism."

Back to the Flood.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?"
"Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Check!

He-Why does a woman always think she ought to wear a smaller shoe than she can?
She—Why does a man always think he ought to wear a larger hat than he can?—Yonkers Statesman.

That red ant they are importing for the cotton fields appears to serve the double function of killing the boll weevil and keeping the cotton pickers lively.—Milwaukee

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Some authority in fashion ought to also come to the aid of the fat men with a dip front.—Atchison Globe.

900 DROPS

Promotes Digestion.Cheerful-

ness and Rest. Contains neither

Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

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A perfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea

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Big Rooms-Big Meals-Small Cost. Notwithstanding malicious reports to the contrary, the Inside Inn, at the World's Fair, St. Louis, has thoroughly sustained the high reputation of Mr. E. M. Statler,

the high reputation of Mr. E. M. Statler, its Manager, for giving first-class accommodations at reasonable rates.

Thanks to its enormous size and wonderful equipment, it has been enabled to properly care for the enormous crowds which have sought its hospitality, without overcrowding or discomfort.

Standing, as it does, upon an eminence, and surrounded by a beautiful natural forest, it has enjoyed the popular verdict of being the coolest and most delightful spot in all St. Louis.

The extraordinary convenience of being right inside the Grounds and thereby sav-

right inside the Grounds and thereby sav-ing all tiresome street-car journeys has been ing all tiresome street-car journeys has been appreciated by every guest, and the management have won high praise for their successful efforts in catering to the comfort, safety and enjoyment of each and every visitor. The rates, which are very reasonable, range from \$1.50 to \$5.50 per day European, and from \$3.00 to \$7.00 American Dean.

A postal addressed to the Inside Inn. World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis, will bring interesting details regarding res-

Definition.

Johnny—Pa, what is a specialist?
Pa—A specialist, Johnny, is a man who only stops the murder on his own beat.—
N. Y. Sun.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A smiling face pays fare a long distance in the business world.

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Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water — non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing sicohol which irritates alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution—lasts longer—goes further—has more uses in the family and

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invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges. All leading druggists keep Partine; price, 50c. a box; if yours does not, send to us for it. Don's take a substitute—there is nothing like Partine.

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